

REAL ROMANCES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

A TORTUNE FOUNDED ON WASTE



BY RICHARD SPILLANE.

Out from New Haven one bright July day a young man started to drive to Wallingford, fourteen miles away. He had not proceeded far before he began to repent his rashness, for the sun beat down pitilessly and the dust rose in choking clouds. There had been no rain in weeks and the road had been coated inches deep with parched pulverized soil. The horse, despite urging, refused to go at a fast pace. The young man, the day and the dust were too much for the intelligent animal to exert himself un-

Not a breath of air seemed to be stirring. Even the dogs along the road were content to lie in the shade and pant, instead of running out and barking at passing teams, as they usually did. It was one of those rare occasions in Connecticut when shops and factories close down at noon because men are unable to produce enough to pay for the power used when in store and office men abandon their work and fan themselves and yawn and pray for a cooling breeze.

Just beyond New Haven the road strikes across Wallingford Plains, a vast desert of ten miles long and three miles wide. Geologists say that in a former age the plains formed the bed of an inland sea. Now the sluggish Quinnipiac River meanders through the sandy silt toward the West. Today a fine State road traverses the plains, but at the time the young man drove across the road was a mere trail in the sandy waste. There was not a tree or a bit of vegetation for miles about, and the sand only served to reflect and radiate the sun's rays. Out on these plains, which usually form a desert in the heart of the fertile, rolling country, the heat was sizzling, blistering, almost blinding that fearfully hot day. The horse's head drooped and the young man sat in the buggy and baked.

In the worst part of the plains the young man saw a young Jew peddler, struggling along under the weight of two packs, bulky and heavy enough

for a mule. The young man in the buggy had been too much taken up with his own suffering to be much impressed at first by the peddler and his packs. In fact, he hardly noticed him for his eyes ached so from the heat that he kept his lids closed most of the time. The peddler stepped to one side and the buggy moved along. It had gone perhaps 100 rods when suddenly the young man realized how much greater than his own distress must be that of the peddler. He stopped the horse and waited until the peddler overtook the buggy. Then he motioned to the peddler to get in the vehicle. The Jew did not seem to understand at first.

"Get in," said the young man, and he moved over to make room on the seat beside him.

The Jew shook his head sadly and pointed to his packs. There did not seem to be room for them in the buggy, for they were huge.

But the young man could not think of leaving the poor peddler out in that furnace. After a little study he figured a way to handle the packs. One he stowed behind, strapping it to the seat. It lapped over, but the strap was strong. The other was lifted to the front of the vehicle and the peddler held one end of it on his knees while the other end rested on the dashboard.

The peddler and his packs disposed of the young man climbed back into the buggy and resumed his journey. The peddler was nearly exhausted and for several miles the men did not exchange a word. When the turn in the road that leads off to "Quinnipiac" was reached, the young man halted at Ed Toolin's place for a drink of water. It took nearly a gallon to satisfy the thirst of those two men, but at last they had enough and then they drove on. A bit further on they turned, crossed the bridge to the west side and proceeded along the river side. There was a little shade now and the water had refreshed them, so they began to talk.

The Jew had been in America only a

few months. He had a little knowledge of hardware, for he had worked in a hardware factory since his arrival from Europe. The factory had closed for the usual summer clearing up and inventory taking, so he had lost his job. But he had saved a few dollars and with this money he had purchased a stock of odds and ends of household utensils. This was his first day as a merchant.

When the peddler had finished his story the buggy was in the outskirts of Wallingford. The peddler asked the Good Samaritan to let him down, for he wanted to "work" the houses on his way in. The young man stopped the horse, helped the peddler with his packs, and then, wishing him good luck, went on his way.

Ten years later the young man was making the rounds of the cutlery factory of which he was manager when he was summoned to the office to see a man who wanted to buy goods. He showed various samples to the visitor, talked quality and prices and took a good sized order. When this business had been finished the customer smiled at the manager and said:

"You don't remember me, do you?"

"No," replied the manager, "I don't recall ever seeing you before."

"Don't you remember giving me a lift giving me a seat in the buggy with you on the road out from New Haven on the Wallingford Plains one terribly hot day years ago?"

The manager did not.

"Ah, but I do," said the visitor, and then he related the incidents until they all came back to the manager.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed the manager, shaking hands with the visitor, "I'm certainly glad to see you."

The two men sat down and the Jew started to tell his story.

"You remember," he said, "that when you let me down from your buggy that day you wished me luck. Well, it was a good wish. I worked along the outskirts of the town after you left, and made a few sales. It was hot, dreadfully hot, you know, and about noon I sat down to rest in a shady spot on the bank of the river just below Wallace's shop. I had a piece of cheese and some bread with me, and as I was eating I noticed lots of rusty iron things sticking out of the ground. I picked some of them up and examined them, but didn't know what they were. After a while, when I had rested a bit, I took up my packs again and went up the river path. The nearer I got to the factory the more of those things I saw. Then I suddenly realized what they were. They were imperfect steel spoon blanks. Directly back of Wallace's shop there were a lot of them almost frozen from rust. I gathered a few handfuls and put them in one of the packs and went on."

"That night I could not sleep. My mind was full of the problem that had come to me. How could I make money of these things the manufacturer was throwing away? It was a waste. There should be no such thing as waste. There was use for everything. If I could find a use for these things that were cast away by the factory it would be a saving. I thought and thought and thought. I was only a poor, ignorant greenhorn in those days, but if a man has faith and determination it does not matter. He is bound to make progress. And I made progress earlier than I had reason to expect."

"I carried those steel spoon blanks about with me, and one day when I was in Meriden, Conn., a man who worked in the factory there, I showed the blanks to him and asked him if he knew how they could be finished. He told me they had to be cleaned and dipped in hot lin, and that it could not be done anywhere except in the spoon factory. That seemed an insurmountable obstacle to me at the time, and I did not know what to do; but a month or two later, when I passed the Wallace factory again on my way back to New Haven, I went to the rear of the shop and looked at the heap of blanks and tried to count how many were there. There seemed to be millions of them. It was useless to count, so I picked up some of them and went into the factory. I showed the blanks to a man and asked him how much it would cost to finish them. He told me to see the boss. I hunted up the boss and asked him. He probably thought I was crazy, but he named a price, and we made a deal. He turned a lot of the blanks for me, and then I started out to sell them."

"Those blanks that the manufacturer thought were useless because they were imperfect I found a market for. There is a market for everything, just as soon as I found I could sell the blanks I agreed to take all the factory had. I sold them to peddlers and small dealers of Connecticut. After a time I got so much from the factory that I was overstocked. Then I went to New York. I opened a little store on the East Side and hired a boy to look after it while I developed a trade there. The stuff was so cheap that it found a ready sale among people with whom every penny counts."

"The success I had in disposing of the blanks opened my eyes to other opportunities. I began to go around to the various cutlery and silverware factories. I found they all had seconds and left-overs. My business had been a cash one. The man who pays cash can get things cheap. When you go to a manufacturer who has a lot of seconds and left-overs, and he knows he is talking to a man who does not want credit, but who is ready to pay in full for everything he buys, you are not likely to be spurned if you make any kind of an offer for what is almost worthless stuff to him."

"And your business is still growing?"

asked the manager.

"Growing? Yes," was the answer. "I now have a store and a basement in the Bowery, and employ from fifteen to twenty over there. Last year my business amounted to \$300,000. I've stuck to seconds mostly, but I'm beginning to buy a little of the regular goods."

The manager congratulated him and again wished him good luck. Within the next five years the manager got to know the man of the packs very well. Regularly he came to the factory. He bought all the seconds, and gradually more and more regular goods. There was no waste about his business. He always bought at the factory. He always saw what he was buying. He had made it a rule never to buy of salesmen. He believed in dealing direct with the head of an establishment, and never would he buy a dollar's worth of stuff on credit.

Unconsciously he worked a decided reform in the hardware and cutlery manufacturing field. What had been waste was turned to profit. Economies

in one department led to economies in others. The profit of the peddler whose imagination was stirred by the sight of steel spoon blanks thrown on the scrap pile back of the factories was small in comparison with the profit of the manufacturer whose eyes were opened through this one evidence of waste to various other kinds of waste about their establishments.

One day the Jew called at the factory of his old friend an usual and did not appear sorry when the manager told him the factory probably would close. There was strife among the directors that threatened disaster. The manager was going to get out of the business.

"Let the factory go," exclaimed the caller. "Come with me. I've always wanted you as a partner. We will make a great team. You know the hardware business from end to end. My business is growing bigger and bigger every year. With your knowledge of the manufacturing end and my experience in the selling end we can broaden our operations until we build up a magnificent business. I have watched you for years. You have always been handicapped by insufficient capital and with a lot of warring directors. You have great energy and great capacity, but they have not brought to you the results they should. Come and get in the buggy with me."

The manager thanked the kindly, generous man who never had forgotten the incident of that blistering day on Wallingford Plains, but declined the offer. He was tired of the business, worn out in body and mind, and had determined to seek a new field.

They parted and did not meet again until the other day. Then the manager, who now is president of a big concern whose head offices are in the Old Colony Building in Chicago, was passing through the railway station at Bridgeport, Conn., when some one touched him on the arm and called him by name. He turned and saw his Jewish friend.

After a hearty greeting they boarded the train and rode to New Haven together and talked of former days. The Jew was the same alert, self-contained man of old. He talked of his factory. Two of his sons are students in Columbia University. His daughter is in a preparatory school. Then he talked of business, of some of the clerks who had been with him many years and of how much they had helped him in success. Next he showed an engraving of his new business house. It is in Grand Street. A four-story structure, so wide that it has three double show windows. It is needed now to accommodate his business. A regular of employees works for him. Last year he did a business of \$2,500,000, more than \$8,000 a day for every business day in the year. He lives in a fine home in Eighty-sixth Street, near Madison Avenue. Never since the day he landed in America has he bought anything except for cash.

When the two were saying good-by the one-time peddler held the other's hand a few extra moments. And then he said, "You know, my friend, there's always a seat in the buggy for you." (Copyright, 1911, by Richard Spillane.)

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Paces Social News
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
Paces, Va., March 4.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Derrick entertained on Saturday evening at a wedding luncheon, complimentary to their son, Harry Derrick, who is married to Miss Lella Rucker, of Roanoke, took place in Washington, February 15. The union was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, Killdeer roses and real shade candles to match. Misses Dudley Derrick and Marie Oliver were charming gowns of rose pink and presided over the punch bowl, after which all repaired to the spacious dining room, where covers were laid for thirty-four and those present invited to meet the guest of honor were: Mr. and Mrs. Harvey B. Stebbins, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Wilson, Mrs. W. H. Burkdale, Misses Bottie Coleman, Roina Vaughan, Alice Burgess, Julia and Rebecca Stebbins, (Daughters of the late Sarah Coleman) and Marie Oliver; Messrs. R. R. Oliver, O. H. Oliver, W. H. Burkdale, J. R. Haynes, J. W. Burgess, Harvey R. Stebbins, Jr., W. B. Owen, J. Ellis Hudson, Robt. B. Burkdale, James and John Perrell, Joe and Oliver Coleman. The bride's coronation was made and trimmed in seed pearls and real lace, and wore a necklace of pearls.

The young couple left Tuesday for their home in Roanoke.

Norwood Social News
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
Norwood, Va., March 4.—Mrs. O. Pickens, of Parkersburg, W. Va., is the guest of Mrs. J. L. Gray, of "Porkfield," Tidewater.

C. I. Johnson, after spending the winter in Florida, returned to his home at Virginia on Sunday.

Mrs. Nellie Turner is visiting friends in Lynchburg this week.

The Buckingham school, across the river from here, closed on Friday last.



The patrons and friends of the school were highly entertained by the recitations of the children. A delightful dinner was served, and in the afternoon a dance was enjoyed by all. Miss Susie Jones, teacher of the school, left on Saturday for her home at Hattott.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Cunningham and little Miss Lee Cunningham are stopping in Lynchburg this week.

Lee Stenson, of Lynchburg, was a visitor here Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom West and Master Gibson West and Miss Eva Powers and Boyd Powers, of Warminster, were guests of Mrs. George Scruggs on Sunday.

Sammie Dolen returned to Kentucky on Saturday last.

Thompson Layne, of Amherst, spent Sunday with his brother, G. N. Layne.

Mrs. Sidney Bolton spent several days last week with Mrs. Russell Akers, of Gladstone.

Mrs. Albert Johnson and daughter and Mrs. George Johnson have been the guests of Mrs. James Munday, of Winking. They left on Monday for Richmond.

Lucretia Warrick, of Elmhurst, was a visitor here Sunday.

Chase City Social News
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

Chase City, Va., March 4.—Miss Mary Hawthorn, of Victoria, is visiting Mrs. Serena Gregory.

H. L. Gregory spent a few days

with his mother on Marshall Street this week.

Rev. Mr. Robbins, who attended the Anti-Saloon League meeting, returned Friday.

Mrs. K. C. Hays, of Oxford, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. A. J. Yancy.

Miss Arlene Wilson, of Redditt, visited Miss Margaret Hardy this week.

T. H. Haskins and Miss Elsie Edmunds, of Boynton, spent Sunday in town.

Rev. F. E. Warren was out of town this week.

Mrs. L. Gregory and Miss Agnes Gregory, who have been visiting in Richmond, returned Saturday.

Mr. George Gibson was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Jeffers and son spent Sunday in Scottsburg. Stratton Beckett accompanied them home.

Jesse Borden, of Redditt, was in town this week.

Miss Lena Camp, of Franklin, visited her aunt, Mrs. H. T. Williams, this week.

Miss Elsie Edmunds is visiting in town this week.

A. B. Snellings left Wednesday for Lynchburg to visit friends. From there he goes to Richmond.

Dr. Allen Mason spent some time in Clarksville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Bentley, of Clarksville, were in town this week.

S.S.S. CURES RHEUMATISM

More than forty years ago we said in our advertisements "S.S.S. Will Cure Rheumatism." We believed this because we knew Rheumatism to be a blood disease, and the ingredients and composition of S.S.S. we knew made it an unequalled blood purifier. This claim was a theory based on honest endeavor and belief. Today we say "S.S.S. Will Cure Rheumatism," and the statement is based on fact—on results accomplished; borne out by the unsought testimonials of thousands of persons who have cured themselves with this great remedy. What S.S.S. has done for so many others it will do for you, and we confidently recommend it to every Rheumatic sufferer who may read this article.

Rheumatism is caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood, and while it is a disease which may be inherited, the great majority of cases are acquired as the result of irregularities of the system. The principal causes of the disease are constipation, weak kidneys, and indigestion, or improper assimilation of food. These internal disturbances of the system prevent the proper removal of the bodily waste and refuse matter, which souring in the intestines forms a urate salt which passes into the blood. The fermented acid destroys a portion of the healthful properties of the circulation, and changes the blood from a rich, nourishing stream to a thin, acid fluid which deposits its sharp, uratic impurities into the joints, muscles and nerves, causing the pain and soreness of tendons and flesh which always comes with Rheumatism.

The danger of Rheumatism is in temporizing in the treatment, or in failing to realize the powerful nature of the trouble. If the blood is allowed to remain infected with the uric acid, Rheumatism soon becomes chronic, and then if not checked it sometimes makes complete physical wrecks of its victims by permanently stiffening the joints and seriously interfering with the bodily nerve force.

An important thing to remember in the treatment of Rheumatism is, that while external applications will often relieve the acute pain of the trouble, such treatment cannot reach the blood. These measures should never be depended on alone to produce permanent good results. **YOU CANNOT GET RID OF RHEUMATISM UNTIL YOU PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.**

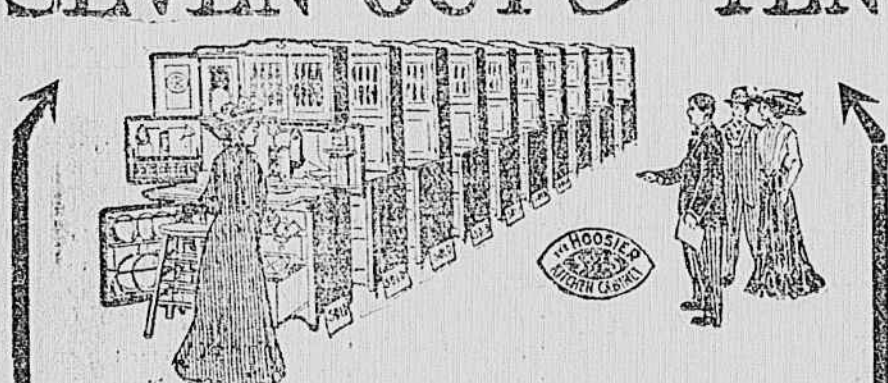
S.S.S. goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by removing every particle of the uratic matter, and building up the blood to a healthful condition, this medicine destroys the cause and cures Rheumatism permanently. When S.S.S. has cleansed the blood of the acid impurity, enriched and strengthened the circulation, then the nerves are quieted, the muscles become elastic, the blood tissues are thickened and freshened, all pain disappears, and the feverish, inflamed flesh is made comfortable again. Nothing equals S.S.S. as a cure for Rheumatism, because nothing equals it as a blood purifier. We have a special book on Rheumatism which contains much valuable information to sufferers of this disease; we will be glad to send this book, together with any special medical advice asked for, free of charge. If you have Rheumatism do not waste time with unknown medicines, begin the use of S.S.S. and be cured sound and well. S.S.S. is for sale at all drug stores.

RHEUMATISM ALL GONE.
I had been afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years, sometimes being entirely laid up by it and always lame in some part of the body. It grew worse until it was misery to attempt to walk as all my right knee was nearly twice its natural size. A friend advised me to take S.S.S., which I commenced. I had tried so many things that I must say I had very little faith that it would do me any good, but was willing to try anything that promised relief. Before I had been using it long I was greatly relieved, and continuing the medicine I soon found that I was entirely cured. The lameness and soreness all left. I can straighten, move or bend my leg as well as any one, and I have never known what rheumatism was since. I am 66 years old and feel deeply grateful to S.S.S.

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